

# The STOLEN SINGER

by MARTNA BELLINGER

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## CHAPTER III.

### Midsummer Madness.

The driver of the taxicab proved to be a sound sport.

Five minutes of luck, aided by nerve, brought the two machines somewhat nearer together. The motor-car gained in the open spaces, the taxicab caught up when it came to weaving its way in and out and dodging the trolleys. At the frequent moments when he appeared to be losing the car, Hambleton reflected that he had its number, which might lead to something. At the Waldorf the car slowed up, and the cab came within a few yards. Hambleton made up his mind at that instant that he had been mistaken in his supposition of trouble threatening the lady, and looked momentarily to see her step from the car into the custody of those starched and lacquered menials who guard the portals of fashionable hotels.

But it was so. A signal was interchanged between the occupants of the car and some watcher in the doorway, and the car sped on. Hambleton, watching steadily, wondered.

"If she is being kidnapped, why doesn't she make somebody hear? Plenty of chance. They couldn't have killed her—that isn't done."

And yet his heart smote him as he remembered the terror and distress written on that countenance and the cry for help.

"Something was the matter," memory insisted. "There they go west; west Tenth, Alexander Street, Tenth Avenue."

The car lumbered on, the cab half a block, often more, in the rear, through endless regions of small shops and offices huddled together above narrow sidewalks, through narrow and winding streets paved with cobblestones and jammed with cars and trucks, squeezing past curbs where dirty children sat playing within a few inches of death-dealing wheels. Hambleton wondered what kept them from being killed by hundreds daily, but the wonder was immediately forgotten in a new subject for thought. The cab had stopped, although several yards of clear road lay ahead of it. The driver was climbing down. The motor-car was nosing its way along nearly a block ahead. Hambleton leaped out.

"Of course, we're broken down?" he mildly inquired. Deep in his heart he was superstitiously thinking that he would let fate determine his next move; if there were obstacles in the way of his further quest, well and good; he would follow the Face no longer.

"If you'll wait just a minute—" the driver was saying, "until I get my kit out—"

But Hambleton, looking ahead, saw that the car had disappeared, and his mind suddenly veered.

"Not this time," he announced. "Here, the meter says four—twenty—you take this, I'm off." He put a five-dollar bill into the hand of the driver and started on an easy run toward the west.

He had caught sight of the smoke-stacks and masts in the near distance, telling him that the motor-car had almost, if not quite, reached the river. Such a vehicle could not disappear and leave no trace; it ought to be easy to find. Ahead of him flaring lights alternated with the steady, piercing brilliance of the incandescents, and both struggled against the lingering daylight.

A heavy policeman at the corner had seen the car. He pointed west into the cavernous darkness of the wharves.

"If she ain't down at the Imperial docks she's gone plump into the river, for that's the way she went," he insisted. The policeman had the bearing of a major-general and the accent of the city of Cork. Hambleton went on past the curving street-car tracks, dodged a loaded dray emerging from the dock, and threaded his way under the shed. He passed piles of trunks, and a couple of truckmen dumping assorted freight from an ocean liner. No motor-car or veiled lady, nor sound of anything like a woman's voice. Hambleton came out into the street again, looked about for another probable avenue of escape for the car and was at the point of bafflement, when the major-general pounded slowly along his way.

"In there, my son, and no nice place either!" pointing to a smaller entrance alongside the Imperial docks, almost concealed by swinging signs. It was plainly a forbidden way, and at first sight appeared too narrow for the passage of any vehicle whatsoever. But examination showed that it was not too narrow; moreover, it opened on a level with the street.

"If you really want her, she's in there, though what'll be to pay if you go in there without a permit, I don't know. I'd hate to have to arrest you."

"It might be the best thing for me if you did, but I'm going in. You might wait here a minute. Captain, if

you will."

"I will that; more especially as that car was a stunner for speed and I already had my eye on her. I'd like to see you fish her out of that hole."

But Hambleton was out of earshot and out of sight. An empty passage smelling of bilge-water and pent-up gases opened suddenly on to the larger dock. Damp flooring with wide cracks stretched off to the left; on the right the solid planking terminated suddenly in huge piles, against which the water, capped with scum and weeds, splashed fitfully. The river bank, lined with docks, seemed lulled into temporary quietness. Ferry-boats steamed at their labors farther up and down the river, but the currents of travel left here and there a peaceful quarter such as this.

Hambleton's gaze searched the dock and the river in a rapid survey. The dock itself was dim and vast, with a few workmen looking like ants in the distance. It offered nothing of encouragement; but on the river, fifty yards away, and getting farther away every minute, was a yacht's tender. The figures of the two rowers were quite distinct, their oars making rhythmic flashes over the water, but it was impossible to say exactly what freight, human or otherwise, it carried. It was evident that there were people aboard, possibly several. Even as Hambleton strained his eyes to see, the outlines of the rowboat merged into the dimness. It was pointed like a gun toward a large yacht lying at anchor further out in the stream. The vessel swayed prettily to the current, and slowly swung its dim light from the masthead.

"They've got her—out in that boat," said Hambleton to himself, feeling, while the words were on his lips, that he was drawing conclusions unwarranted by the evidence. Thus he stood, one foot on the slippery log siding of the dock, watching while the little drama played itself out, so far as his present knowledge could go. His judgment still hung in suspense, but his senses quickened themselves to detect, if possible, what the outcome might be. He saw the tender approach the boat, lie alongside; saw one sailor after another descend the rope ladder, saw a limp, inert mass lifted from the rowboat and carried up, as if it had been merchandise, to the deck of the yacht; saw two men follow the limp bundle over the gunwale; and finally saw the boat herself drawn up and placed in her davits. Hambleton's mind at last slid to its conclusion, like a bolt into its socket.

"They're kidnapping her, without a doubt," he said slowly. For a moment he was like one struck stupid. Slowly he turned to the dock, looking up and down its orderly but unprepossessing clutter. Dim lights shone here and there, and a few hands were at work at the farther end. The dull silence, the unresponsive preoccupation of whatever life was in sight, made it all seem as remote from him and from this tragedy as from the stars.

In fact, it was impersonal and remote to such a degree that Hambleton's practical mind halted yet an instant, in doubt whether there were not some plausible explanation. The thought came back to him suddenly that the motor-car must be somewhere in the neighborhood if his conclusion were correct.

On the instant his brain became active again. It did not take long, as a matter of fact, to find the car; though when he stumbled on it, turned about and neatly stowed away close beside the partitioning wall, he gave a start. It was such a tangible evidence of what had threatened to grow vague and unreal on his hands. He squeezed himself into the narrow space between it and the wall, finally thrusting his head under the curtains of the tonneau.

It was high and dry, empty as last year's cockleshell. Not a sign of life, not a loose object of any kind except a filmy thing which Hambleton found himself observing thoughtfully. At last he picked it up—a long, mist-like veil. He spread it out, held it gingerly between a thumb and finger of each hand, and continued to look at it abstractedly. Part of it was clean and whole, dainty as only a bit of woman's finery can be; but one end of it was torn and twisted and stretched out of all semblance to itself. Moreover, it was dirty, as if it had been ground under a muddy heel. It was, in its way, a shrieking evidence of violence, of unrighteous struggle. Hambleton folded the scarf carefully, with its edges together, and put it in his pocket.

Jimmy's actions from this time on had an incentive and a spirit that had before been lacking. He noted again the number of the car, and returned to the edge of the dock to observe the yacht. She had steamed up river a little way for some reason known only to herself, and was now turning very slowly. She was but faintly lighted and would pass for some pleasure craft just coming home. But Jim knew better. He could, at last, put two and two together. He would follow the yacht.

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deed, he could not help following it. In him had begun that divine experience of youth—of youth essentially, whether it come in early years or late—of being carried off his feet by a spirit not himself. He ran like a young athlete down the dock to the nearest workman, evolving schemes as he went.

The dock-hand apathetically trundled a small keg from one pile of freight to another, wiped his hands on his trousers, took a dry pipe out of his pocket, and looked vacantly up the river before he replied to Hambleton's question.

"Queer name—Jene Dark they call her."

It was like pulling teeth to get information out of him, but Jim applied the forceps.

The yacht had been lying out in the river for two weeks or more, possibly less; belonged to foreign parts; no one thereabouts knew who its owner was; nor its captain; nor its purpose in the harbor of New York. At last, quite gratuitously, the man volunteered a personal opinion. "Slippery boat in a gale—wouldn't trust her."

Hambleton walked smartly back, taking a look both at the yacht and the motor-car as he went. The yacht's nose pointed toward the Jersey shore; the car was creeping out of the dock. As he overtook the machine, he saw that it was in the hands of a mechanic in overalls and jumper. In answer to Hambleton's question as to the owner of the car, the mechanic told him pleasantly to go to the devil, as if for once the sight of a coin failed to produce any perceptible effect. But the major-general, waiting half a block away, was still in the humor of giving fatherly advice. He welcomed Jim heartily.

"That's a hole I ain't got no use for. 'Owd' you make out?"

"Well enough, for all present purposes. Can you undertake to do a job for me?"

"If it ain't nothing I'd have to arrest you for, I might consider it," he chuckled.

"I want you to go to the Laramie Club and tell Aleck Van Camp—got the name?—that Hambleton has gone off on the Jeanne D'Arc and may not be back for some time; and he is to look after the Sea Gull."

"Hold on, young man; you're not going to do anything out of reason, as one might say?"

"Oh, no, not at all; most reasonable thing in the world. You take this money and be sure to get the message to Mr. Van Camp, will you? All right. Now tell me where I can find a tug-boat or a steam launch, quick."

"O'Leary, down at pier X—2—O has launches and everything else. All right, my son, Aleck Van Camp, at

## IN HER DEBUTANTE GOWN



Miss Florence Schneider, one of the beautiful and popular young ladies in the younger set of Washington, wearing her "coming out" gown of panier effect with the new ruffled flounces extending from the knee. Miss Schneider is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Franklin Schneider, and a series of dances will be given in her honor by her mother.

the Laramie, but you be good and don't drown yourself."

This last injunction, word for word in the manner of the pert Edith, touched Jimmy's humor. He laughed ringingly. His spirit was like a chime of bells on a week-day.

The hour which followed was one that James Hambleton found it difficult to recall afterward, with any degree of coherence; but at the time his movements were mathematically accurate, swift, effective. He got aboard a little steam tug and followed the yacht down the river and into the harbor. As she stood out into the roads and began to increase her speed, he directed the captain of the tug to steam forward and make as if to cross her bows. This would make the pilot of the yacht angry, but he would be forced to slow down a trifle. Jim watched long enough to see the success of his maneuver, then went down into the cuddy which served as a cabin, took off his clothes, and looked to the fastenings of his money belt. Then he watched his chance, and when the tug was pretty nearly in the path of the yacht, he crept to the stern and dropped overboard.

To be continued

### Whooping Cough Superstitions.

Whooping cough is the subject of more quaint superstitions in England than almost any other disease. In Northamptonshire it is believed that if a small quantity of hair is cut from the nape of the sick child's neck, rolled in a piece of meat and given to a dog the whooping cough will be transferred to the animal. In Cornwall the child is fed with bread and butter which has been passed three times under the belly of a piebald horse. In Lancashire they still tell you that whooping cough will never attack a child that has ridden on a bear.—London Answers.

Hives, eczema, itchy or salt rheum gets you crazy. Can't bear the touch of your clothing. Doan's Ointment is fine for skin itching. All druggists sell it, 50c a box.—Advertisement.

### The Morning After.

The telephone girl in a Broadway hotel answered a queer call over the house exchange one morning about 11 o'clock. When she "plugged in" a man's voice said:

"Hello! Is this the So-and-So hotel?"

"No," replied the girl, who was slightly surprised. "This is the Such-and-Such hotel."

"Oh, all right," said the man. "Just woke up and didn't know where I was. Send me up an ice water and a bromo seltzer, please."—New York Telegram.

When you have a bilious attack; give Chamberlain's Tablets a trial. They are excellent. For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

### MISS GARDNER IS HONORED.

Carlisle, Ky.—Miss Lida E. Gardner, of this city, superintendent of Nicholas county schools, has been elected president of the Ninth Congressional District Educational Association, and the next meeting will be held in Mayaville. Nicholas county was the banner county this year in enrollment, having 144 members of the district association enrolled.

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### ABOLISHES UNSIGHTLY HANDS

By Martha, McCulloch Williams. In all the many and varied rewards of diligence none are better worth while than those that wait upon diligent paper bag cooking. Ease is one of them, deftness another, neatness in the kitchen still a third. It is quite impossible to make mere words convey all that this method of cookery means—still more impossible to set down all that its use will teach you.

For example, its use will teach you how little art can improve on nature in matter of flavors. Paper bag cooking keeps in the flavor, intensifies it, and makes it the sauce of appetite. Good digestion commonly waits on appetite.

But there are other things to take into account. Not the least of them is the saving to one's hands and one's temper in the matter of washing up after a meal.

Whether this falls to the cook, to her mistress, or haply, to the gallant man of the house, who thrusts himself helpfully into the roughest part of the work, the fact remains indisputable that pan scrubbing is hard work, distasteful in the extreme and bound to leave unpleasant reminders. Pots and pans mean the use of strong alkalies. Without them the pots can't be kept sanitary. No sort of glove yet devised will permit the free use possible to the bare hand. The syllogism runs about thus wise: To cook in the old way, you must have pots, the pots must be kept clean, or else be a constant menace, and to keep them clean requires detergents so powerful they will destroy human cuticle the same as they "cut grease." Result, rough, reddened, painful hands, in spite of emollients, glove-wearing and so on. The most careful man-curing will not undo the effect of steady pot-washing.

Paper bags, thrown away after one using, minimize pot-washing. Indeed, in many cases they reduce it to the vanishing point.

**Baked Blue Fish.**—Cut off head and tail, wash clean, wipe with a soft, damp cloth, stuff with soft bread crumb stuffing, else lay sliced potatoes inside, with a seasoning of butter, pepper, salt and onion, and tie up securely. Rub all over outside with salt, put in a greased bag, with a small lump of fat and a very little cold water. Seal bag and cook in a hot oven twenty to forty minutes, according to weight. Serve with sliced lemon and garnish with parsley. A squeeze of lemon juice in the bag is to many tastes an improvement.

**Cat Fish, Baked or Broiled.**—Cat fish are good to eat, notwithstanding their looks. Anything under four-pound weight is fine for stuffing and baking. Use a bread crumb stuffing or one made of cornmeal beaten up in egg and lightly fried, seasoning it with pepper, salt and a suspicion of onion. Put plenty of butter in with the stuffing, wiping the fish as dry as possible before stuffing it and salting and peppering the inside. Season the outside likewise, grease well with soft butter, put an extra lump of butter in the bag, add a little milk and water, half and half, and put in a hot oven. Bake in full heat ten minutes, then turn down the flame one-half and cook according to size—it will take about ten minutes extra to the pound. But make a peep-hole and look in before taking out of the bag—eye and nose will help to decide when the fish is well done. A very big cat fish is better cut in steaks or fillets. Wipe dry, dip in melted butter, sprinkle with lemon juice, then with pepper, salt and a little fine bread crumb or corn meal. Lay in a well-greased bag on thin-sliced bacon, put more bacon over it, seal and cook thirty minutes to an hour, according to weight.

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### THREE DELECTABLES.

By Nicolas Soyer, Chef of Brooks' Club, London.

**Savory Fish.**—Put a little flaked cold fish, with a sprinkle of Parmesan, mixed with a little cream, on a slice of well-buttered toast. Place in bag and cook six minutes in a very hot oven.

**Sweetbreads, au Naturel.**—Take four sweetbreads, parboil them, take off the skins, dust each sweetbread with salt and pepper very lightly and pour over each a tablespoonful of cream. Slip the sweetbreads into a thickly-greased bag and cook in only moderately hot oven slowly for forty minutes. Open bag, slip out contents on hot dish.

**Fowl (Savory Crumbs).**—Wash the fowl well inside with plenty of cold water. Dry well and put the liver and a small shallot inside the bird. Have ready a large tablespoonful of white bread crumbs and add to them a lump of butter the size of a big walnut, pepper and salt to taste, a teaspoonful of finely minced chives, and a teaspoonful of well washed and minced tarragon. Mix all together and put into the bag with the bird. Cook gently for sixty-five minutes. Send to table with new potatoes and salad.

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## CHURCH DIRECTORY

### Cloverport Churches

#### Baptist Church

Baptist Sunday School, 9:30 a. m. C. E. Lightfoot, Superintendent. Prayer Meeting Wednesday, 7:30 p. m. Baptist Aid Society meets Monday after Second Sunday every month. Mrs. A. B. Skillman, President. Praying every Sunday at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Rev. G. O. Cottrell, Pastor. Choir practice every Wednesday night after prayer meeting.

#### Methodist Church

Methodist Sunday School, 9:30 a. m. Ira D. Behen, Superintendent. Preaching every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Rev. J. H. Walker, Pastor. Prayer meeting Wednesday, 7:30 p. m. Epworth League, regular service Sunday 8:45 p. m.; business meeting first Tuesday night each month. Miss Marzette Burn, President. Ladies' Aid Society meets first Monday each month Mrs. Forrest Lightfoot, President. Ladies' Missionary Society meets Second Sunday in every month. Mrs. Virgil Babage, President. Choir practice Friday night 7:20, A. H. Murray, Director.

#### Presbyterian Church

Presbyterian Sunday School 9:45 a. m.—Conrad Slips, Superintendent. Preaching every Third Sunday. Rev. Adeline Minister. Prayer meeting Tuesday, 7:30 p. m. Ladies' Aid Society meets Wednesday after Third Sunday every month. Mrs. Chas. Satterfield, President.

#### Catholic Church

First Sunday of each month, Mass, Sermon, and Benediction, 9:30 a. m. other three Sundays at 10:15 a. m. On week days Mass at 7:30 a. m. Catechetical instruction for the children on Saturdays at 8:30 a. m., and on Sundays at 9:30 a. m. and 2:30 p. m.

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